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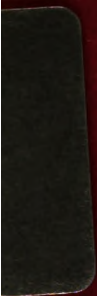
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22 K.  
THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

BY  
TOM M'LACHLAN.



GLASGOW:  
PORTEOUS BROTHERS, 43 RENFIELD STREET.  
AND T. M'LACHLAN, 108 GALLOWGATE.

MDCCCLXXXIV.

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THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF

**“Thoughts in Rhyme”**

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

COUNCILLOR CALDWELL

BY

THE AUTHOR.





## P R E F A C E.



THE following pieces exhibit considerable talent; many of them, indeed, are of no mean order. They furnish another proof of cultivation and the love of song among the lowly sons of toil. Wealth of mind is sweeter than world's wealth, though perhaps not so acceptable in this age of golden-calf worship. Tom M'Lachlan, as he prefers to be called, has struggled nobly against much adversity until he gained the foot of Parnassus. Left without a father at an early age, like many others who have become prominent, he persevered when a boy to support his mother, whose only remaining succour he was. He is now a brushmaker to trade. In fact, his mother was the first to recognize the divine *afflatus* in her son, and to admire his effusions, as was natural. The love of the muse seems to be hereditary. The father even used to write his letters in rhyme. His son has ventured on a little book—a more arduous undertaking—and very creditable it is, too.

His songs have the genuine “lilt,” and there is a vein of pawky humour running through many of the poems which is quite irresistible. We would instance “Sodger

M'Fee," "The Spinster," "The Bairnies on oor Stair," and others; while the pathos of the serious pieces is well balanced. The first poem, "The Miner's Secret," is very interesting, and indicates an aptitude for narrative construction. The mechanism, we observe, is generally correct. He is happiest, we think, in the use of the Doric. However, we can only refer the reader to the book itself for the fuller enjoyment of those qualities which we have only space to point out.

J. GALBRAITH,

*Author of "City Poems and Songs," "Kenneth  
Lee," First Prize Essay on "Temperance,"  
"Little Bob," &c.*

GLASGOW, *December 18, 1883.*

# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
The Miner's Secret, - - - - -	9
Jock M'Gregor and the Scarecrow, - - - - -	17
Faithful to the Last, - - - - -	19
The Spinster, - - - - -	20
The Bachelor, - - - - -	22
The Bairnies on oor Stair, - - - - -	23
Bonnie Jean o' Auchinha', - - - - -	25
My Auld Arm Chair, - - - - -	26
Drunk, - - - - -	27
The Doric Lyre, - - - - -	28
Auld Saint Mungo, - - - - -	29
I canna live wi' hoot ye, Love, - - - - -	31
Plenty tae Clink, - - - - -	32
Oor Wee Jamie's Gane, - - - - -	33
Waiting on the Key, - - - - -	34
Alice Gowrie, - - - - -	37
Beautiful Summer, - - - - -	38
Sodger M'Fee, - - - - -	39
Wee Jessie Nicol, - - - - -	41
One Year Ago, - - - - -	41
I Sing not of Fair Beauty's Smile, - - - - -	44
The Lovers, - - - - -	46
Bonnie Wean, - - - - -	54
Laugh an' Grow Fat, - - - - -	55
A Happy New Year, - - - - -	56
The Gowden Sun wis slowly sinkin', - - - - -	57
A Father's Advice, - - - - -	59

	PAGE
Hallowe'en, - - - - -	60
My Tartan Plaid, - - - - -	61
Fa' Asleep, my Bonnie Bairnie, - - - - -	63
Tam and Meg, - - - - -	64
Mary, - - - - -	66
Long Ago, - - - - -	66
A Wee Drap on the Sly, - - - - -	68
Name the Day, my Bonny Mary, - - - - -	70
Change Yer Tune, - - - - -	72
Jesus Loves All, - - - - -	74
Good-Bye, - - - - -	75
Bernard M'Shane, - - - - -	76
Charlie Nicol, O! - - - - -	78
Whan I wis a Lass o' Saxteen, - - - - -	79
I doot I'll never rise again, - - - - -	81
Mary Cree, - - - - -	81
Sweet Forty-Seven, - - - - -	82
Keep turnin' the Wheel, - - - - -	83
If I wis young again, - - - - -	84
Be up and doing, - - - - -	86
Wee Johnnie, - - - - -	86
'Tis Sweet, - - - - -	88

# Thoughts in Rhyme.

---

## THE MINER'S SECRET.

'Pon my word, Ralph, I was sorry  
When I heard poor Shilf was killed ;  
Not that e'er I liked the fellow,  
But because I'd not fulfilled—  
Something special that I promised  
Once to Ebenezier Ross ;  
Him, you mind, who was garroted  
And nigh killed in Saunders' moss,  
By a lot of wand'ring tinkers—  
Trav'ling cut-throats I should say—  
Who were not content with plunder,  
But left him dead on the way ;  
Least they thought so, ah ! the scoundrels,  
Little they care who they slay.

Perhaps you'd like to hear the secret ?  
Well, I don't mind telling you ;  
Make a promise you'll ne'er breathe it—  
That's enough, I'm sure your true.

To begin with, you remember  
Silis Archer's haunted mill,

Ere the great Sou'-West'rn Railway  
Found a road through Kelarhill.  
What! you say you don't remember?  
Well, I really thought you would;  
But of course it's twenty years since,  
Then you'd be of little good.  
Two neat rows of little houses  
Stood beside the silent mill;  
Scenery any painter would have  
Been full glad to tried his skill.

Well, 'twas there, when but a baby,  
I was found beside a door  
Snugly wrapt in best of flannel,  
From the winter winds secure.  
Who it was that left me there, Ralph,  
Is a thing I do not know;  
But 'twas Eben's mother found me,  
And gave me the name of Joe.  
Eben was six years my senior—  
Who more happy then than we;  
He in boyhood's sunny morning,  
I in childhood's happy glee.

Years rolled on, to us unnoticed;  
I was Eben's chiefest care;  
He was always kind and tender—  
Took me with him everywhere.  
Happy would I be this moment  
If I could recall those years

When the forms I loved were near me—  
Ah, no wonder I shed tears.

Trade got busy in the coal mines,  
Many strangers came our way,  
Who at once got good engagements  
At a very fairish pay.  
'Mong the many was Shilf Tomlin  
And his father, old and frail,  
Whose broad brow bore lines of sorrow,  
Caused by hardship's withering gale.

Things went off well; Shilf and Eben  
Reached the age of twenty-two,  
Both of them were meet companions—  
To each other staunch and true.  
At the village sports, each summer,  
None could wrestle, jump, or run  
With the two well-matched athletics—  
Every prize they justly won.

Mabel Hall, the village beauty,  
Lost her heart between the two;  
Shilf adored her, so did Eben;  
What on earth were they to do?

Chance brought Shilf and her together  
By the brook, down in the dell,  
In the silent hour of twilight,  
When most lovers like to tell

Tales of love, and speak of prospects—  
What they're going to be and do ;  
Words containing good intentions,  
But, ah me, come seldom true.

Through the dell the lovers wandered  
Till they reached the fairy nook,  
Where the feathered warblers music  
Harmonizes with the brook.  
Down they sat, with fond hearts beating,  
On his shoulder leaned her head ;  
A flash, a loud report ; oh, heavens !  
Mabel Hall fell back shot dead !

I was walking through the dell, Ralph,  
And was startled with the shot ;  
When I heard the scream so awful  
I rushed to the fatal spot.  
Shilf was standing like a madman ;  
Mabel lay dead on the ground ;  
I had scarce a sentence uttered  
Till on me he made a bound.  
“Down,” he cried, “you heartless villain,”  
And he dealt me heavy blows  
With a flint-stone or a jack-knife,  
Which it was there's no one knows.

After that my senses left me,  
But it seems that I was found



By some harvest men next morning,  
Who soon spread the news around:

Soon the cry went through the village  
That I'd murdered Mabel Hall,  
Then had tried to take my own life,  
But the law would find out all.

All my wounds were dressed up neatly,  
Much attention I did get;  
Law, you know, is very skilful  
When a prize is in its net.

Ten hours passed ere I got conscious,  
Then I told all that I knew;  
Some said, "Pooh! pooh!" to my statement,  
Others said, "Perhaps it's true."

Where was Shilf his father knew not—  
He had not been in all night;  
Soon the law for him was searching,  
Then they'd prove me wrong or right.

Ere a week passed Shilf was captured  
And lodged safely in the jail,  
To await the awful trial—  
Ah, no wonder he looked pale!

\* \* \* \* \*

The trial o'er, the sentence guilty !  
"Fifteen years," the old judge said ;  
Scarcely was the sentence uttered  
Till Shilf's father fell down dead !

\* \* \* \* \*  
Years rolled on. The village people  
Soon forgot the sad affair,  
But my foster-brother Eben  
Seemed so dull and full of care.  
Each one tried their best to cheer him,  
But their trials were in vain.  
Soon his jetty curls got silv'ry—  
Oft he'd speak as if insane ;  
We could not make out his trouble,  
Nor why he seemed always sad ;  
Some maintained 'twas through the tussle  
With the tinker chaps he had.

One night—I will ne'er forget it—  
Eben took so awful ill,  
I went off for Dr. Chapman,  
Who was noted for his skill.  
When the doctor saw poor Eben,  
"Ah," said he, "I'm much afraid  
That the patient won't recover ;  
Give him what he wants," he said.

Eben called me o'er beside him,  
Begged me to sit up all night ;  
Ah, poor fellow, well he knew that  
He would ne'er see morning's light.

“ Ah,” said he, “ I feel I’m dying—  
Draw up closer to me, Joe,  
For I’ve something strange to tell you  
’Tis but right that you should know.  
Long ago, one August evening,  
I went out with father’s gun  
For an hour or so’s amusement—  
I thought poaching best of fun.  
Long I waited for a chance, Joe,  
But gamekeepers prowled about,  
And to save myself a thrashing  
I at once took homeward route.  
I came through the dell at gloaming,  
And was nigh tripped with a hare,  
At it I discharged my gun, Joe,  
Then a scream rang through the air ;  
But I thought ’twas only fancy—  
I came home and went to bed,  
All that night I dreamt of Mabel,  
Little thinking she was dead.

“ I was nearly mad with horror  
When I heard the awful news,  
And whene’er I heard Shilf’s statement  
I could but myself accuse.  
Yes, ’twas I who killed the maiden,  
And I’ve been a coward knave ;  
Heaven knows I’ve suffered for it,  
For I’m naught but mis’ry’s slave.

When I'm lying 'neath the willow,  
And the grass grown o'er my head,  
Tell poor Shilf, if e'er you see him,  
Every word to you I've said."

\* \* \* \* \*

In the churchyard o'er the way, Ralph,  
Is the grave of Eben Ross;  
He was liked by all who knew him—  
Every one regrets his loss.

Shilf's good conduct when a pris'ner  
Got him off at twelve years' end;  
He came back and toiled amongst us,  
But would make no one his friend.  
Often when he'd look at me, Ralph,  
I would tremble with a fear  
That he still believed me guilty—  
I ne'er liked when he was near.  
Often was I going to tell him  
All that Eben told to me,  
But I knew 'twould wake old mem'ries,  
So I put it off, you see,  
Waiting for a chance to tell him—  
For a chance that never came;  
Shilf departed from life's troubles  
With the blight still on his name.

That's the most of Shilf's career, Ralph;  
Sad's the tale, you must admit,  
Terminating but this morning—  
Killed by fire-damp in the pit.

---

# JOCK M'GREGOR AND THE SCARECRAW.

JOCK M'GREGOR wis a weaver,  
 Earned his breid by honest toil,  
 An' for miles aroon' the clachan  
 He kept' ilk yin in a broil.  
 Johnnie leaved wi' Tib M'Dougall,  
 Wha'd a bonnie dochter Kate,  
 Strange an' mony were the stories  
 Gossips did o' them relate.

Weel, it's true, Jock had a'e failin',  
 An' that failin' caused much din;  
 It wis for the whisky bottle—  
 Fount o' misery an' sin.  
 Ilka wage-nicht Jock got fuddled  
 Wi' his cronie Rab Dunbar,  
 Wha at a'e time wis a sodger—  
 They wad speak o' nocht but war.

Richt abune Jock's bedroom window  
 Hung a dirk for mony years,  
 Auld an' rusty since Kate's faither  
 Focht mang Scotia's mountaineers.  
 A'e nicht Jock tae bed gaed tipsy,  
 Had a dream o' Turks an' Greeks,  
 Up he jumped an' seized the weapon,  
 Oot he gaed wi'hoot his breeks.

In he rushed tae Gordon's stable,  
Ned the cuddy he did tak';  
Turks the clachan were invadin',  
He wad gang and drive them back.  
Syne he jump't up on the cuddy  
Wi' a fierce and warrior look,  
Dirk in haun' and sark-tail fleein',  
Rode through toon an' owre the brook.

Owre the brook, syne past the milestanes,  
Supple shanks o' cuddy flew,  
On its back Jock dune a war-dance  
Till the sweat fell frae his bro'.  
In the munelicht's mellow grandeur  
Jock saw, 'mang a field o' corn,  
A figure arm'd wi' a cudgel,  
Whilk the craws look on wi' scorn.

Jock nigh breathless rush't on madly,  
Stuck the dirk richt through his foe,  
Wha withoot a sigh or quiver  
Fell beneath the deadly blow.  
Fear brocht Jock back a' his senses,  
Frae the horrid sicht he flew;  
Twa pound sax wis the expenses  
For the scarecrow that he slew.

# FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

HE was a soldier young and fair,  
 And owned a true brave heart;  
 And she, his lady-love, sweet Clare,  
 Whose beauty was beyond compare,  
 That morn both were to part.

The tears bedimmed his eyes of blue,  
 He sighed, and said—"My dear,  
 Remember I'll be ever true,  
 I've never loved a maid but you;  
 Farewell! be thou sincere.

They parted, and the troop-ship bore  
 The soldier o'er the main,  
 Away to India's scorching shore  
 From her he never might see more—  
 Away from joy to pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

The battle o'er, a victory won,  
 The ship of war returned,  
 But ere the deadly strife was done  
 The youthful soldier's race was run,  
 For whom the maiden mourned.

Why do the people gather round  
The maiden's cottage door?  
What means that low and mournful sound?  
At last the sought for peace is found,  
The maiden is no more!

---

## THE SPINSTER.

O, if I had my will o' the men,  
My certie, I'd gie them their porridge;  
I'd keep the loons under my thoom  
An' daunt a' their co'ordly courage.  
Don't think I'm a saft kintra lass  
That smiles could win owre in a meenit;  
Na, na, I'm no yin o' the kind  
Wha kiss an' are able tae screen it.

It's gran', gran' tae hae sense,  
'Tis nice, nice tae be bonnie;  
Losh, whan ye've a guid pickle pence  
Ye're shair tae be likit by mony.

Before I wis oot o' my teens  
My guid looks were praised by my cousins,  
Oor hoose seemed tae be rather sma',  
For wooers cam' up by the dozens;



I look't an' I lauch't at the loons

Whan they'd speak o' Mozart an' Schiller,  
They kent o' sic men 'boot as much  
As nanny-goats ken about siller.

—  
The wooers a' wooed but in vain—

Their saft tales o' love didna please me ;  
They wooed they'd be ever sincere—  
Odsake, hoo the bodies did tease me.

I tell't them tae gang awa' hame  
An' dream the love oot o' their senses ;  
If that wadna dae tae turn mad,  
An' I'd pay the fun'ral expenses.

Of course whan they fand it “nae go,”  
They a' fell in love ither places ;  
'Twas siller they wanted tae get—  
Whit cared they for youth or braw faces.  
They'll ne'er get a penny o' mine,  
I'll leave it tae some institution,  
Tae feed the puir folk wha are left  
Tae battle wi' dreich destitution.

Whan some folk get up in the worl'  
They turn up their noses an' grumble  
Because they are ask't tae subscribe  
A shilling or twa tae the humble.  
'Tis then that they mak' a mistake—  
It's then that they are disrespected ;  
The grave's for us a' at the end—  
O ! puir folk should ne'er be neglected.

## THE BACHELOR.

I NE'ER looded a lassie but yin,  
But then I wis jist a mere laddie;  
Tae cruel deceit I wis blin',  
I thocht a' were guid that dress't gaudy.  
The young mind's sae thoughtless o' strife,  
Tae common sense some winna lissen',  
An' whan they get buckled for life  
There's mair rows than whit there is kissin'.

The lassies are simple an' shy  
Until they get marrit, then certie  
They get unco cheeky; O my  
Their tongue's quite enough tae convert ye.

The lassie I likit fu' weel  
Her face wis sae sweet an' enticing;  
My love 'od I couldna conceal,  
The power o' her smile wis surprising.  
But weel the jaud kent I wis saft,  
She tried ilka way tae amuse me;  
At a' my love stories she lauch't,  
But yet I ne'er thocht she'd refuse me.

The siller I spent on that lass .  
I'm shair twad hae built a heich castle ;  
My comrades a' ca'd me an ass,  
An tell't me tae wear a clown's tassell.  
My fegs, their advice was sincere,  
I fand oot she was a fause wooer,  
For a' that she wanted wis gear,  
But that I kep' oot o' her power.

Weel, weel it's a lang time since then ;  
I'm prood noo I never wis marrit ;  
I've ne'er had a bairnie tae fen,  
Tho' mony a yin I hae carried.  
'Tis seldom I'm bothered wi' care,  
I've got a snug hoose that I reign in,  
But neighbours mak' me wash the stair—  
Weel, I dae't, for there's nae use complainin'.

---

### THE BAIRNIES ON OOR STAIR.

As up an' doon the stair they rin  
Frae early morn till eternin,  
Causin' an unco lot o' din  
Wi' wuddin clugs an' heavy shoon ;  
Carryin' walley's here an' there,  
Dirtyin' a' oor bonnie stair ;

Makin' faces at each ither,  
Greetin', roarin', yellin'—"Mither;"  
Drumin' on an auld tin lid—  
Winna stop it when they're bid;  
Carryin' water, makin' a pool,  
Carryin' sand in daddy's cool;  
Playin' at a nice wee hoosey,  
Then perhaps they catch a pussey,  
Tie a rattley tae its tail,  
Then, ye ken, if that should fail,  
Tak' an' pitch it owre the wundy  
On the man that sells the gundy;  
Gundy man kicks up a row,  
Puss begins tae knaum and mew,  
Flytin' mithers a' rush oot—  
"Whit on earth's the din aboot?"  
Syne their tongues begin tae clatter,  
Wi' hurt feelin's then they scatter;  
Ilka door shuts wi' a bash,  
"Wha wad speak tae siccan trash."  
There's nae use o' me complainin'—  
'Tis but little that I'm gainin';  
Hech, but my heid's unco sair  
Wi' the bairnies on oor stair.

# BONNIE JEAN O' AUCHINHA'.

HEARD ye ocht o' bonnie Jeanie—  
 Jeanie wi' the licht blue een?  
 Heard ye ocht aboot her beauty,  
 Fair is she, my artless queen!  
 Cheeks unrivalled by the roses,  
 Skin as white's the mountain snaw;  
 Sweet an' modest, neat an' robust,  
 Bonnie Jean o' Auchinha'!

Heard ye ocht aboot the cottage  
 Whaur the loesome lassie dwells—  
 There, whan e'enin's gently closin',  
 A voice sae sweet wi' music swells.  
 Own'd by her, fair virtue's treasure,  
 She wha has my he'rt awa'.  
 Sheen an' bonnie, bien as ony,  
 Peerless Jean o' Auchinha'!

Wealthy ladies dress in fashion,  
 Silk an' satins, gowd an' scent;  
 Printed shortgoon, kilted coatees,  
 Wash wi' saep an' Jean's content.  
 She's the lassie worth the wooin'—  
 Fair as smilin' mornin's daw'.  
 Wha mair cheerie than my dearie—  
 Bonnie Jean o' Auchinha'!

## MY AULD ARM CHAIR.

I'm as happy as a duke  
In my auld arm chair.  
In the cozy fire-en' nook  
Stan's my auld arm chair.  
O it fills me wi' delight,  
Whan I come hame ilka nicht,  
Tae see a' thing look sae bricht  
Roon' my auld arm chair.

There's a wee chiel jist the noo  
At my auld arm chair,  
Gettin' whit he ca's a "shoo"  
On my big arm chair.  
O lang may his sweet face  
Beam wi' innocence an' grace,  
An' a' dool an' sorrow chase  
Far frae my arm chair.

It's the only seat I loe,  
Is my auld arm chair;  
Tho' it's only stuck wi' glue  
It's a strang arm chair.  
O it stan's the tuggin' fine,  
For oor Nell aft claps the "bine"  
Tae wash a' her duds an' mine  
On my auld arm chair.

Like a throne in the hoose  
 Is my auld arm chair;  
 In its nook it looks fu' dooce,  
 Treasured auld arm chair;  
 It has served the bardie lang,  
 In it he's wrote mony a sang,  
 Heth, there's unco little wrang  
 Wi' my auld arm chair.

---

DRUNK.

It's awfu' whit a man will dae  
 Whan drunk.

It's fearfu' whit a man will say  
 Whan drunk.

He'll gang aboot an' brag an' blaw,  
 An' decent folk he will misca',  
 In fac', he-disna care a straw  
 Whan drunk.

He'll gang hame tae his wife and weans  
 Whan drunk.

He micht fa' doon an' break his banes  
 Whan drunk.

Whan mornin' comes he'll no get up  
 Except it's for the whisky cup—  
 He'd leave them wi'hoot bite or sup  
 For drink.

## THE DORIC LYRE.

O' their sweet bards let ilk land boast,  
An' tae their thrillin' lays still cling,  
But gi'e tae me auld Scotlan's host,  
Wha aye in hamely Doric sing ;  
Whase blithesome strains cast joys aroon',  
An' fill the Scottish soul wi' fire ;  
While life lasts I will ever tune  
The Doric lyre, the Doric lyre!

Immortal Burns, the ploughman bard,  
At humble toil kep' sweetly singin',  
And tho' he sleeps aneath the sward  
His sangs are owre the warl' ringin'.  
In praise o' cottar's ha' he sang,  
An' raised the true man frae the mire,  
An' aft his cheery lilts hae rang  
The Doric lyre, the Doric lyre!

Sing on, ye bardies o' the West !  
Yer strains fa' saftly on the ear ;  
They help tae calm the troubled breast,  
An' wipe awa' the gath'rin' tear ;



They heat the bluid in Scottish veins,  
An' fill the patriot soul wi' fire;  
Still breathe thy soul-inspirin' strains,  
O Doric lyre! sweet Doric lyre!

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## AULD SAINT MUNGO.

(A Song for the Holidays).

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

THIS is auld St. Mungo's fair,  
Ha, ha, we'll merry be;  
Noo's the time tae jink grim care,  
Ha, ha, we'll a' agree.  
Banish care we a' maun try,  
Why should we sit doon an' cry?  
Lauch, be jolly, ne'er say die,  
Ha, ha, the dram, we'll pree.

Here's tae auld Saint Mungo's shows,  
Ha, ha, the merry set;  
Spite o' a' their stuck up foes,  
Ha, ha, they're aye there yet.  
Lang may they stan' tae annoy  
A' sic trash as wad destroy  
Auld Saint Mungo's chiefest joy,  
Ha, ha, sic fun we get.

Pass the tanker roon' yince mair,  
Ha, ha, the foamin' pot;  
Rob us o' it nae yin dare,  
Ha, ha, ye tipplin' lot.  
It's the stuff tae mak' ye gay,  
Thoosan's tak' it, young an' grey,  
It will always haud the sway,  
Ha, ha, the wee drap o't.

Here's success tae Albion's Queen,  
Ha, ha, a gem is she;  
We will ne'er o' her compleen,  
Ha, ha, hurrah, say we.  
Lang she's ruled us undismayed,  
Foreign foes hae dearly paid  
For the clamour they hae made,  
Ha, ha, ha, oor fleet at sea.

# I CANNA LIVE WI'HOOT YE, LOVE.

I canna live wi'hoot ye, love,  
 For oh! I'm lane an' wae,  
 Whane'er I miss ye frae my side  
 Life seems a blichted day.

The wee bird sings its lays o' love  
 Tae greet the smilin' morn,  
 While I in sorrow lonely pine,  
 Ah, why wis I e'er born?

Fu' aft we've sat in love's embrace  
 Beneath this spreadin' tree,  
 'Twas here I first heard thy sweet voice  
 Lisp forth—"I love but thee."

O, why did you no keep thy voo,  
 An' save this breakin' he'rt?  
 Why fa' beneath the power o' gowd,  
 Whilk's aft made fond hē'rts pairt?

## PLENTY TAE CLINK.

It's hard for a bodie tae leeve in this warl',  
Tae be lauch't at an' ca'd an auld bachelor carl',  
When scores o' young lasses wi' bricht lauchin' een  
Wad snap at a chance if there's yin tae be gi'en.  
Whan some chiels get mairrit an' poverty keen,  
Hangs on tae their tails, 'od, it's gey easy seen,  
Love's bricht sunny smile's waning in tae a blink,  
But the lassie that I want maun hae plenty clink.

Come, lassies, come braw, if ye're wantin' a man,  
Come dress't in yer satins an' jewels sae gran',  
Tae this lovin' chiel wha is eager tae link  
Tae a braw sturdy lassock wi' plenty tae clink.

There's Dugald M'Clatter's been mairrit twa years,  
Sin syne the puir bodie has shed mony tears;  
He's got unco frail an' he's scarce got the win'  
Tae blaw the stour aff o' an auld pair o' shoon.  
He wanders aboot like a spectre at nicht,  
Aye sabbin' an' sighin'—a waefu' like sicht;  
He's nigh on the verge o' foul misery's brink  
Through takin' a lassie wi' naethin' tae clink.

It's awfu' whan some chiels work hard day an' nicht,  
 Aye rackin' their brains tae gar a' thing gang richt,  
 Whan there's gowd to be got for the mere pickin' up—  
 O dinna, chaps, drink oot o' misery's cup.  
 Be up an' be doing, chase poortith awa',  
 An' ne'er let misfortune ding ye tae the wa';  
 Jist tak' my advice, whan o' marriage ye think,  
 Cleek on tae a lassie wi' plenty tae clink.

---

OUR WEE JAMIE'S GANE.

(JAMES M'NULTY, aged two years).

OH cruel death! oh cruel death!

You've robb'd me o' my joy;

You've ta'en awa' my pride an' hope,

My bonnie fair-haired boy.

The ingle nook, whaur aft he played,

Tae me seems unco lane;

Ay, ilka thing is sad an' drear

Since oor wee Jamie's gane.

O wha'd hae thocht sae bricht a face

Wis sae near grim decay?

O wha'd hae thocht sae licht a he'rt

Wad fade sae sune away?

The voices o' his platmates noo  
 Fill my sad he'rt wi' pain;  
 Tae me ilk thing's devoid o' life  
 Since oor wee Jamie's gane.

But oh! I ken wee Jamie's gane  
 Tae yon bricht land abune,  
 Tae mingle wi' the bonnie bairns  
 Wha left this warl' o' sin,  
 Tae gather wi' the angel band,  
 Whaur love shall never wane;  
 O fain wad I obtain a place  
 Whaur oor wee Jamie's gane.

---

### WAITING ON THE KEY

(O' the Door).

TAM.

"WHaur hae ye been? come, tell the truth,  
 Hae you been wi' yer clashin' chummy?  
 Speak! Is there nae tongue in yer mooth?  
 Whit gars ye stan' there like a dummy?  
 I've got a mind tae cuff yer lugs,  
 Ye guid-for-naethin' lazy hizzie;  
 You an' yer chums are a' humbugs,  
 Pretendin' tae be unco busy."

BESS.

"Whgeest! Haud yer tongue, ye girnin' loon;  
 Ye're never richt but whan ye're whingin';  
 In fac', yer mooth's like that spittoon,  
 Twad dae it guid, a guid sereengin'.  
 Hark! if ye dinna let me be  
 I'll tak' a knife an' cut my wizen;  
 Ah, by my fegs, if you strike me  
 I'll get ye saxty days in prison."

TAM.

"Sit doon an' don't taunt me, ye jaud;  
 See, watch! or else ye'll kill that bairn;  
 It's puir wee heid gets mony a daud,  
 But ah, it's little that ye're carin'.  
 The bed's no made, the fire's deid oot,  
 Ye hinna wash't the flair since Monday,  
 In fac', it's near inch thick wi' soot—  
 Nae doot ye'll gie't a rub gin Sunday."

BESS.

"Go on, go on, ye're daein' weel;  
 Tell a' the neighbors but-an-'ben  
 That you're a saint an' I'm a deil,  
 But wow, it's me that kens their ken;  
 If they'd jist mind their ain affairs  
 They'd hae enough to dae, I think;  
 I ken they're listenin' on the stairs—  
 But serves me richt for takin' drink."

TAM.

“ Ah, weel ye ken as weel as me  
If you’d dae richt we’d leeve fu’ happy ;  
Whan first that I gaed coortin’ ye  
Ye thocht there wis nae ither chappie  
Could e’er compare wi’ me, your Tam—  
I’ve heard ye say so unco of’en—  
But since ye’ve ta’en, Bess, tae the dram,  
You’ve jist been nailin’ doon my coffin.”

BESS.

“ I ken I’m scarce daein’ richt, dear Tam—  
I maun admit ye tell the truth,  
But frae this hour anither dram  
Will never gang intae my mooth.  
I hope that future time will bring  
Guid luck tae us whaure’er we be,  
An’ while I wear yer marriage ring  
Ye’ll ne’er again wait on the key.”

NOTE.—The wording of this may be rather rough, but were I to refine it I really believe it would lack the power. The dialogue is here as it is too often given.



## ALICE GOWRIE.

'Yont the clachan, near the brig,  
 Whaur the trains gang skelter owre it,  
 Stan's an auld but trig wee cot,  
 Yin I'm shair ye'd stan' an' glower at.  
 'Neath its roof there leeves a maid,  
 Wi' a face as fair as mornin',  
 Twu clear een like starnies bricht,  
 Curls o' jet her broo adornin'

O but she's a winsome lass,  
 Worthy o' a monarch's dowrie;  
 Nane I ken could e'er surpass  
 Bewitchin', bricht-eyed Alice Gowrie.

Ilka chiel that gangs her gate  
 'S shair tae gae hauf daft about her;  
 Feint a day gangs owre her heid  
 That she disna gain a suitor;  
 But their wootin's a' in vain,  
 She tak's little notice o' them,  
 Her pure he'rt belongs tae yin—  
 That yin's me, whilk time will show them.

— Hirple oot my road, grim care,  
Flee a thoosan' lang miles frae me,  
Fain wad ye ching tae my heart,  
Gang yer gate, I'll ne'er obey ye.  
Not a chiel wis ever blest  
Wi' a fairer bride than Alice,  
She will mak' a hame mair bricht  
Than a lordlin's gaudy palace.

---

### BEAUTIFUL SUMMER.

ONCE again summer is come in its splendour,  
Cheering us all with its presence so grand;  
Spring has ta'en flight, but has left us its treasures;  
Summer will tend them with soft gentle hand.

Beautiful summer is come in its glory,  
Cheering sad hearts overladen with care;  
Nature is smiling, the fields are enticing,  
Song birds' sweet music floats through the still air.

Man should be thankful to God for his kindness—  
Great are the blessings he gives us all here;  
If we do all that we can to obey Him,  
We'll be rewarded in heav'n's bright sphere.

## SODGER M'FEE.

SODGER M'FEE cam' a coortin' my mither,  
 Wha had been a widow for mair than a year;  
 Sodger M'Fee didna woo wi' a swither,  
 But spak oot his love an' declared it sincere.  
 My mither jist lauch't at the auld dottet bodie  
 Whan tellin' queer tales aboot him bein' abroad—  
 Hoo he'd ta'en command at a war on a cuddy,  
 An' kept a bum-shell before it did explode.

But sic an auld fule wisna worth the believin',  
 For ilk tale he tell't wis nocht but a lee;  
 O, I think in this warl' there wis never yin breathin'  
 Could spin a yarn better than Sodger M'Fee.

Sodger M'Fee wis yince catch't in the trenches,  
 Whan he wis at war 'gainst the horrible Turk;  
 The Sultan ask't him if he'd tak' doon the census,  
 An' he'd set him free, an' pey him for his work.  
 Said Sodger, weel, Sultan, I'll mak' it a bargain,  
 If you gie me saxty pounds doon on the nail;  
 Ah weel, said the Sultan, there's nae use o' arge'n,  
 We'll settle the business owre twa gless o' ale.

Sodger M'Fee, on his road hame frae China,  
Yae day wis presented wi' medal an' sword,  
For saving the life o' the Captain's girl, Dina',  
Wha'd slipt on a cockle an' fell overboard.  
The Captain said—"Mr. M'Fee, if you choose, sir,  
I'll give you my daughter for saving her life;"  
Said Sodger—"Weel, Captain, I'll need tae refuse her,  
I'm engaged tae the late Duke o' Kilmacolm's wife."

Sodger M'Fee tell't us yae funny story  
'Boot hoo he wis congratulated yae day—  
The fechtin' wis awful, the battlefield gory,  
An' millions o' brave men were kill't in the fray.  
The great Colonel Plunket wis gaun tae surrender,  
Whan Sodger roared—"Never! for I'll tak' the lead,  
Auld Scotlan's my country, this day I'll defend her"—  
"Hurrah!" cried the men, "Let the battle proceed."

Sodger, yae nicht, ask't my mither tae mairry,  
She lauch't like tae burst an' gied me a sly nod;  
He voo'd he'd protect her, e'en ca'd her his fairy,  
I couldna but lauch at the silly auld cod.  
"O! dinna sae No, or I'll tak' chloroform,"  
The Sodger roar't oot as he knelt on yae knee;  
My mither said, "Tak' it, an' dance Tullochgorum,  
For ne'er in this warl' I'll be Mistress M'Fee."

## WEE JESSIE NICOL.

WEE Jessie Nicol, twa year auld,  
Never too backward nor too bauld.

Bricht lauchin' eenie, sparks o' love,  
Like een o' angels frae above.

Twa rosey cheekkeys, sweet wee mou',  
We curly pow-wow, an' fair broo.

Wee dumpy neavys an' strang arms,  
Wee cheery rosebud fu' o' charms.

May her life be void o' care  
Is the humble bardie's prayer.

## ONE YEAR AGO.

## A Winter Tale.

ONE year ago to-night there came an old man to our door,  
All trembling with the cold which bent his form.  
He told us he was weary tramping o'er the silent moor,  
And prayed that we would shield him from the storm.  
We told him to come in and sit down by the blazing fire,  
His long white hair hung round his cheeks so pale;  
While mother made some supper, which he really did  
require,  
He told to us this ne'er forgotten tale.

"I'm old and poor, and know not where I'll lay me down  
to-night;

Outside, the winds are howling fierce and wild—  
Good friends, pray do not send me forth to battle with  
their might,

For O! I'm weak and helpless as a child.  
Since morn the snow's been falling fast—it lies thick on the  
ground;

I haven't tasted food since yesterday,  
And then 'twas but a piece of bread upon the road I found,  
But oh! it helped me greatly on my way.

"Long, long ago, down in a sweet secluded flowery dell,  
There lived a maid, whose love was all my own;  
O happy man was I the morn when rang our marriage  
bell—

Just now methinks I hear its joyous tone;  
But the breath of winter nipt away my flower in beauty's  
bloom;

Ah! gone was then the sunshine of my cot;  
But years rolled on just as before, and with them went the  
gloom,

And darling Nellie's grave was soon forgot.

"Amidst a crowded city I bask'd 'mong the joys of wealth;  
I never knew what hunger's pang was then;  
I thought not of the great 'To Be,' so robust was my  
health,

Nor thought I'd ever cross yon dreary fen;

In such a state as I am now, with sorrow's weight bowed  
down,

In such a wild despairing night as this,  
With broken heart, a ruined name, and lost a golden crown  
That might have kept me all my days in bliss."

Such was the tale the old man told, while tears ran down  
his cheeks ;

My father, honest man, he sighed and said,  
" Goodwife, see to his wants at once, for 'tis the truth he  
speaks,

We'll shield him till the spark of life be fled."  
My father saw the old man's life was nearly at a close ;  
For ere the summer came his soul was gone  
To yon bright land where wearied souls for ever get  
repose  
Around our good Creator's holy throne.

## I SING NOT OF FAIR BEAUTY'S SMILE.

I SING not of fair beauty's smile,  
Nor fairy form bedeck'd with lace;  
I choose the heart that's free of guile,  
Where love hath its abiding place.  
'Tis of a homely maid I sing,  
Who owns a heart untouched by care;  
Bright to her be life's sunny spring,  
And angels guard her everywhere.

'Tis not the fairest face that makes  
The heart most pure, in love more true,  
Nor is't the brightest eye that wakes  
The youthful bard to praise its hue;  
No, 'tis a charm more mighty still—  
A charm that only Nature gives—  
Fraught by no cunning art nor skill,  
'Tis only found where virtue lives.

My love dwells not in palace rare,  
Where beauties in their grandeur live;  
She dwells within a home more fair,  
'Mong greater joys than wealth can give.



An humble cottage, 'neath whose roof  
Contentment reigns and joys are great,  
With honest sire, whose smiles are proof  
That he has got a good helpmate.

An angry word was never heard  
Within the walls of their sweet home;  
A purer maiden ne'er was reared  
Beneath the most religious dome.  
When truth and love are in the breast  
The face aye wears a placid smile,  
Denoting that the mind's at rest,  
And making sweet our lives the while.

## THE LOVERS.

A DIALOGUE.

*Characters—*

JOCK, a Shepherd. MEG, a Gardener's Daughter.

*Scene—A Gardener's Cottage.*

MEG.

WET is the nicht, an' late's the 'oor,  
The win' blows fiercely owre the moor,  
Yet I expect my Jock will come—  
Losh, hoo the win' howls doon the lum;  
He'll cheer me wi' a canty sang,  
Or tale o' love that conquers wrang;  
For few match him at sang or story,  
An' merry makin's jist his glory.  
Tho' dress't in hamely Scotch attire,  
Nae lass could brawer lad desire;  
An' I confess I lo'e him weel,  
For he's a rough an' ready chiel.  
He owns a guid an' manly he'rt,  
An' always acts an honest pairt.  
He toils fu' hard frae day till day,  
Ocht ill aboot him nane daur say;  
My he'rt is his, he owns it a',  
For wealth I dinna care a straw.

I canna help tho' mither froons,  
My love lies na in silken goons.

(*Sings.*)

*Song*—"My Shepherd Laddie."

I carena for a mansion grand,  
Whaur ladies live dress't up sae gaudy;  
An humble cot at my command  
Is a' I wish wi' my braw laddie.

My lad he is an honest chiel,  
Wi' manly form an' looks fu' bonnie;  
I've lo'ed him lang an' lo'ed him weel—  
There's nane I trow as fair as Johnnie.

An' tho' in hamely garb he's cled,  
He ne'er wis yin wha lo'ed things gaudy;  
A smile frae him mak's my he'rt gled,  
Sae weel I lo'e my shepherd laddie.

For I'll aye lo'e my bonnie lad,  
I'll aye lo'e my shepherd laddie;  
Whan he's beside me I'm ne'er sad—  
Sic bless whan rowed up in his plaidie.

(*A voice heard at a distance singing.*)

Hark! whitna voice is that I hear?  
It is, it is my Johnnie dear!

(*Jock enters singing.*)

*Song*—"Tak' awa' frae me yer wine."

Tak' awa' frae me yer wine,  
 It disna suit my natur';  
 Some folk say it is divine—  
 Gie me the halesome cratur'.

French gowks brag o' wine an' cham'  
 Whilk sparkles in braw glasses;  
 Gie tae me a guid Scotch dram,  
 It baith by far surpasses.

Let them blaw, as blaw they will,  
 Tae me it disna maiter;  
 I'll aye hae my social gill—  
 There's nae drink like the cratur'.

JOCK.

Weel, Maggie, lass, hoo's a' the nicht?  
 A look o' you's guid for the sicht.

*(Meg frooms.)*

Excuse me, Meg, for being late—  
 Whan wark is wanted love maun wait.

MEG.

Ye ken fu' weel it isna richt  
 Tae come here sic an 'oor o' nicht  
 Wi' your saft tale o' wark tae me,  
 For weel I ken it is a lee.

You've been in some dram-shop, nae doot,  
An' drank there till they've put ye oot.

JOCK.

O dinna blame me, Maggie, lass,  
If noo an' then I tak' a glass;  
On sic a dreary nicht as this  
It croons oor social happiness.  
Tae some in pain it gie's relief—  
Ay, thoosan's tak' it tae kill grief;  
It heats the stamick in a meenit,  
In fac', some meenisters befreen' it;  
I dinna care whit you say, Meg,  
There's waur things than the whisky keg.

*(Meg turns roon angry.)*

MEG.

Haud on there, Jock, an' dinna blether,  
Ye've got the wrang end o' the tether;  
I say drink isna worth a preen—  
It never is a true man's freen'.  
A glass in need I've ne'er refused,  
But hark ye, Jock, whan it's ill used  
Its sting is keen, its mischief great—  
The drunkard's sorry whan too late.  
It's been the means o' muckle shame,  
An's often caused a hungry wame;  
It's made the wealthy merchant puir,  
An's drove the happy tae despair;  
It's put rare talent in the grave,  
An' shamed the bravest o' the brave.

You've mind o' Alexander Tait,  
Wha yince own'd yonder big estate ;  
Ye mind the braw young son he had,  
Wha gaed completely tae the bad ;  
I never, never will forget  
That day his body, cauld and wet,  
Wis found upon the sandy bank—  
Near whaur a suicide he sank.  
I've mind that day his faither ran  
About the toon, ah, me, puir man !  
His he'rt wis broken, a' his joy  
Wis centred in his lifeless boy ;  
It mak's me sorry whan I think  
O' happy hames destroyed by drink.

## JOCK.

'Deed whit ye say, Meg's no far wrang,  
Drink's joy is shorter than its pang ;  
I think the best thing I can dae  
Is jist tae keep oot o' its way.  
I've spent, aye, mony a siller croon,  
On market days, whan in the toon,  
Till freenly mirth grew drucken din  
In Gibbie Tamson's market inn.  
But, Maggie, lass, nae mair I'll be  
A victim o' the barley bree ;  
My drink shall be the water pure,  
For nature's thirst is nature's cure.  
But cheer up, lass, an' wear a smile,  
An' I will please ye for a while—

— I'll sing tae ye in Doric twang  
 An' extra guid auld hamely sang.  
 Ahem, but I feel unco dry,  
 If you've a drap milk lying by  
 I'll tak' a drink, 'twill dae me guid—  
 Folk say it's excellent for the bluid.

(*Meg gives Jock a tumbler fu' o' milk.*)

*Toast*—Here's tae ye, Meg, my bonnie lass,  
 I hope life will be void o' care;  
 I trust that ere twa month's 'll pass  
 We'll be a happy wedded pair.

(*Jock drinks an' sings.*)

*Song*—"Robin Tamson's smiddy."

JOCK.

There, whit think ye o' that bit lilt?

MEG.

For my sake, Jock, put yae verse till't.

JOCK.

For your sake, Meg, I'll sing a verse,  
 — Altho', ahem, I'm unco herse.

(*Jock repeats last verse.*)

JOCK.

Come, Meg, let's try a sang thegither;

MEG.

Wheest! Jock, ye gowk, an' dinna blether—  
 Ye ken fu' weel I canna sing.

JOCK.

Ay, so say ye, yet bird on wing  
 Could learn a lesson frae yer voice—  
 Ay, Meg, yer sangs mak' me rejoice.

MEG.

Ye flatter me tae sing, ye loon,

JOCK.

Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie doon.

*(Both sing.)*

"Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie doon."

MEG.

O Jock, it's time ye wis awa'.

*(Raises blind of window an' looks oot.)*

Gude save us, whit a nicht wi' snaw.

O! hoo will you get owre the hill?

Hoo will ye pass the haunted mill?

I've heard folk say that ilka e'en

A thoosan' goblins there are seen,

An' should they catch ye by yersel'

They'll put ye in the haunted well—

The well behint the auld mill gate,

Whaur mony a young chiel's met his fate;

Tak' my advice, gang by the road,

An' frae my he'rt ye'll lift a load.

If you gang owre the hill this nicht

Perhaps ye'd ne'er see mornin's light;

Gang by the lang road, for 'tis sure—

There's naethin' like bein' aye secure;

O! say that by the road ye'll go.

JOCK.

Wheest! haud yer tongue. My answer's, No.

D'ye think that auld wives tales I heed

'Boot ghosts an' a' sic stuff they've "seed."



Think ye that I'm a coward chiel ?  
Think ye I wudna face the deil ?  
There's no a chiel that e'er I met  
Could brag that I've been beatin' yet.  
'Boot ghosts headna whit people say—  
There's nae sic thing, Meg, noo-a-day ;  
They'e packed their traps an' taen the road  
By order o' the great Schule Brod."

MEG.

Tak' care, tak' care, don't craw sae lood ;  
I've heard o' men as strong an' prood  
As you taen doon, an' unco easy,  
For you maun ken the deil's gey greasy.  
Heth, feint a yin can catch nor haud him,  
That's hoo sae mony folk applaud him ;  
Tak' tent, my man, keep frae his sicht,  
An' gang hame by the road this nicht.

JOCK.

Weel, Meg, I dinna want tae tease ye,  
I've always dune my best tae please ye ;  
If frae yer he'rt I'll lift a load,  
Richt gledly I'll gang by the road.  
Losh me, but time is fleein' quick ;  
Whar did I leave my plaid an' stick ?

MEG.

I dinna ken—yes, here they're here.

JOCK.

Thanks, thanks, my bonnie sonsie dear.

MEG.

Noo, see an' mind the voo ye took—  
 It's noted doon in Life's great book,  
 Frae whilk we shall be judged a',  
 The guid an' bad 'mang big an' sma'.

JOCK.

I'll mind, my lassie, hae nae fear,  
 Believe me, I'll aye be sincere;  
 Noo, I maun gang—I feel a' richt—  
 Gie's yae kiss, love—(kiss)—guid nicht.

MEG.

Guid nicht.

## BONNIE WEAN.

TINY haun's, tiny feet,  
 Hiney mou tae pree;  
 O my bonnie, sonsie wean,  
 A' the worl' tae me.  
 Pearly teeth, ruby lips,  
 Dimpled cheeks an' chin,  
 Gowden hair, sparklin' een  
 Bricht as stars abune.

Cheery wean, bonnie gem,  
 Whit wad mammy dae  
 If she wis tae lose her pet—  
 Her wee gowden ray?

Clappy haun's, sing a sang,  
Try an' staun a' lane;  
Atty wey, toddle on—  
O my bonnie wean.

Bonnie wean, long may you  
Shun temptation's snare;  
Lang may you toddle on  
Free o' strife an' care.  
Whan life's spark deith blaws oot  
May you gang abune,  
There receive God's reward  
That the righteous win.

SONG—"LAUCH AN' GROW FAT."

TUNE—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

TAK' awa' yer dull care, for it's nae freen o' mine,  
The bodie's clean daft that wad sit doon an' pine;  
There's nae use compleenin' aboot this or that,  
The best thing tae dae is jist lauch an' grow fat.

*Chorus*—Lauch an' grow fat, lauch an' grow fat,  
For' tis an auld sayin'— care killed the cat;  
There's nae use compleenin' aboot this or that,  
'Tis better by far jist tae lauch an' grow fat.

Whan I wis a lassock, tha's lang lang ago,  
Ilk nicht in the week I had aye a new jo;

My wiys were sae takin', they a' liked my chat,  
 — Dod, they ca'd me the nick-name o' lauch an' grow fat.

— *Chorus*—Lauch an' grow fat, &c.

I yince had an offer frae big Rubert Fyfe—  
 Said he, "Dearest Peggie, will you be my wife?"  
 My answer wis "No"—hoo the puir bodie grat—  
 "Tuts," said I, "Ye big loon, man, jist lauch an' grow  
 fat."

*Chorus*—Laugh an' grow fat, &c.

The man that I mairrit wis only sax stane;  
 In fac', yince a dug had taen him for a bane,  
 But noo, bless my he'rt, he weighs nearly saxteen;  
 Had he shun'd my advice he'd been deid noo, I ween.

*Chorus*—Lauch an' grow fat, &c.

### A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR, freen's, a happy new year,  
 I wish ye success, wi' abundance o' cheer,  
 Wi' guid health an' plenty o' honest won gear;  
     Guid luck tae ye a',  
     May nae ill befa'  
 The kind he'rts tae freenship an' love ever dear.

Awa' wi' yer whisky—pour't a' doon the sink—  
O' pure sparklin' water gi'e me a guid drink,  
It keeps the brain clear, an' it saves muckle clink ;  
    It's gran' whan ye're dry,  
    An' you may rely  
'Twill no coup ye shamefu' owre black ruin's brink.

Ye're welcome, New-Year, wi' yer tidings o' joy,  
Tae join in the mirth ilka he'rt ye employ ;  
Ye vanish the troubles that vex an' annoy  
    The rich an' the puir,  
    Wha yet hae tae bear  
Some sorrows e'en social mirth canna' destroy.

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## THE GOWDEN SUN WIS SLOWLY SINKING.

THE gowden sun wis slowly sinkin',  
    The shades o' nicht crept owre the scene,  
An' tiny starnies cam' a blinkin'  
    As sune as day's last sigh wis gi'en.  
My he'rt wis glowin' wi' love's pleasure  
    As I hied owre the silent moor  
Tae see my ain, my sweetest pleasure,  
    The bonnie lass o' Swanston booser.

We met, an' O the crimson blushes  
    Bedeck't her face sae wond'rous fair ;  
The feathered warblers 'mang the bushes  
    Wi' sweetest music filled the air.

We kiss'd, an' wow, the smile sae cheery  
Held my fond he'rt within its pooer ;  
O life tae me wad be sae dreary  
Without the lass o' Swanston boorer.

There never blink't a star mair bonnie  
Nor brichter than my Nellie's e'e,  
There never sang a bird tae cronie  
A sweeter sang than she tae me.  
An' O her teeth, the briny ocean  
Contains nae pearl mair white nor pure ;  
Within my breist reigns sweet devotion  
Tae bonnie Nell o' Swanston boorer.

O blest ain I wi' sic a maiden  
Whase truthfu' he'rt ne'er did deceive ;  
Could Adam be mair pleased in Eden  
Whan first he saw his pretty Eve ?  
Tae me she is a winsome fairy,  
An' O I weary for the 'oor  
O' perfect bliss whan I will marry  
The bonnie lass o' Swanston boorer.

## A FATHER'S ADVICE.

— Come, sit doon, lad, an' list tae me  
 Before ye gang awa',  
 An' I'll gi'e you some guid advice—  
 I ken ye'll need it a'.  
 Ye're gaun awa' tae try yer luck  
 In laun's far owre the sea,  
 Whaur ilk thing will be strange tae you—  
 Ay, unco strange 'twill be.

If fortune e'er should favour ye  
 Keep mind o' them that's puir;  
 Ne'er haughty turn if you get wealth,  
 For mind wealth's aft a snare  
 That leads the robust youth tae whaur  
 The wine cup hauds the sway,  
 Whaur hopes are wrecked an' thoosan's fa'  
 Tae grim despair a prey.

Watch weel the artfu' lasses smile,  
 Tak' tent before ye rue,  
 For should ye join yersel' tae yin,  
 An' she turns oot untrue,  
 'Tis hard tae tell whit may result—  
 A wee thing turns the brain—  
 Sae look, my laddie, ere ye loup,  
 It micht save muckle pain.

Be honest, for "The honest man  
 'S the noblest work of God ;"  
 O evil comp'ny shun the path,  
 Lean on the Christian rod  
 Tae bear ye onward through the world,  
 An' whan grim death comes nigh  
 In peace ye'll close yer een an' say,  
 "I'm no afraid tae die."

---

### H A L L O W E ' E N .

ANCE mair Hallowe'en, wi' its pleasure's advancin',  
 We'll hail it an' thinkna o' cuddlin' wi' care,  
 For ken ye that it's held in cottage an' mansion,  
 Amang the gay rich an' the blithe workin' puir ;  
 Sae get in yer apples, yer nits, an' yer tatties,  
 The doll an' the thimble, ring, button, an' preen,  
 Likewise, a wee drappie, 'twill gar us feel happy,  
 An help us tae celebrate auld Hallowe'en !

Think on the frail miser, wi' his gowden guineas  
 Closed up in his room, hid awa' frae the light ;  
 He thinks na o' bairnies, nor their nicht-a-teenies ;  
 Whit cares he for fun, or a Hallowe'en night ?  
 O ! wad he but leave his cauld miserable dwellin'  
 An gang tae a hoose whaur a richt spree is seen,  
 He'd share his gowd treasure for some o' the pleasure  
 Whilk's had for a trifle on auld Hallowe'en !



I'm shair it is nice tae see wee callans happy,  
 Wi' kusticks an' lant'rns a' form'd in a line;  
 There's naethin' mair nice than the wee naked chappie,  
 Whan dookin' for apples in mither's wash-bine.  
 Lang, lang may we leeve amang innocent bairnies—  
 Gi'e me their gay comp'ny an' I'll ne'er compleen;  
 While life lasts I'll haud it, an' loodly applaud it,  
 Then hip, hip hurra', freens, for auld Hallowe'en!

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## SONG—MY TARTAN PLAID.

TUNE—"Corn Rigs."

I'LL sing in praise o' this auld plaid  
 That's shelter'd me frae hail an' snaw;  
 Tho' years hae gar'd its bricht hue fade,  
 Tae me it's brawest o' the braw;  
 'Twis gi'en tae me whan I wis young,  
 By yin wha 'neath the sward is laid,  
 An' while I've free use o' my tongue  
 I'll ever praise this tartan plaid.  
*Chorus*—Then blaw awa', ye norlan' win',  
 O' ye I'll never feel afraid  
 As lang's I'm safely rowed up in  
 My guid auld sonsie tartan plaid.

Lang syne this tartan plaid was wove  
 By yin whase name we a' revere—  
 A Scottish bard, wha aft did rove  
 Alang the banks o' Cart sae clear.

Blythe Tannahill, whase pooerfu' pen  
Sae mony hamely lilts has made—  
Perhaps he rhymed in lovin' strain  
The while he wove this tartan plaid.

*Chorus*—Sae whit care I for lordlin's dress  
Whilk hides a' guile whan in't arrayed ;  
I wish nae mair, I wish nae less,  
Than this guid sonsie tartan plaid.

Whan winter win's are blawin' snell,  
An' lofty bens are robed wi' snaw ;  
Whan flooerets fair hae fled the dell,  
An' cuckoo's sang is far awa' ;  
'Tis then I wander forth at e'en  
Wi' her I lo'e, my Clydesdale maid,  
Whan Luna's licht bedecks the scene  
I wrap her in my tartan plaid.



*Chorus*—My Peggie's young, my Peggie's fair  
As ony lily in the glade,  
Tae me she is beyond compare  
Whan rowed up in my tartan plaid.

## FA' ASLEEP, MY BONNIE BAIRNIE.

FA' asleep, my bonnie bairnie,  
 Cuddle doon in bedie ba',  
 If ye dinna, big black duggie  
 Will come in, tak' you awa'—  
 Tak' ye whaur the frichtsome manie  
 Keeps bad bairnies withoot breid,  
 Whaur ye'd ne'er get ony sweeties—  
 He'd devour them a' wi' greed.

Steek yer een, my bonnie bairnie;  
 Ah, ah, ah, no come here dug  
 Tae steal aff my guid we lammie,  
 Wha for me will cuddle snug.  
 Hush-a-ba', my sweet wee dearie,  
 Sleep fu' soun' till mornin's daw',  
 Syne I'll gie ye lots o' goodies;  
 Gang awa' dug, gang awa'.

Le lo, le lo, bonnie flooeret,  
 Angels smile upon ye noo,  
 May they always guide yer fitsteps  
 In the path o' virtue true.  
 O that winsome, sunny facey,  
 I could kiss it day an' nicht—  
 See it smilin', O God bless it!  
 For it's fu' o' love an' licht.

## TAM AN' MEG.

## A DIALOGUE.

"I SAY, man, Tam, whit dae ye mean ?

It's nearly hauf-past yin ;

D'ye hear ? rise up an' ope' yer een—

Folk micht be comin' in.

Ye'd lie an' snore frae morn till nicht,

An' widna' care a grumph

As lang's ye got yersel' a' richt,

Ye guid-for-naethin' sumph.

There isna yin in a' the toon

That's gotten sic a name ;

Ye'll neither work nor want, ye loon,

I'm shair ye should think shame.

We're no like ither folk ava—

We ne'er gang tae the kirk ;

We hinna got a "Sunday braw"—

We're aye kep' in the mirk.

Ye gaed an' drank maist a' last week

Wi' drucken Rab M'Flap,

An' left me here baith puir an' "seek"—

Ye didna care a rap.

I've stood yer nonsense far owre lang—

Hech me, I'm nearly deid ;

I'd rather tae the puirhoose gang

Than leeve wi' sic a "weed."

— Tam, sleekit loon, tae mak' ends meet,  
Turned roon an' kissed Meg's cheek,  
An' said—" My daurlin', dinna greet,  
I'll mak' things richt next week,  
For I'm determined tae desist,  
Ay, shun the whisky shop;  
If I'd a hauf tae kill my thirst,  
Frae noo, henceforth, I'd stop.  
Dear me, but my throat's awfu' sair,  
— I scarce can pass my spit;  
Tae dee the noo I wadna care,  
For my heid's like tae split.

"Come, Maggie, lass, tak' yon big cup  
Owre tae auld Davie Dyer,  
An' bring a hauf, 'tis but a sup,  
An' I'll blaw up the fire;  
An' shair as my name's Tammy Hope  
I'll be a sober chiel,  
If no, hang me wi' tarry rope  
An' tomb me in a creel."

Tam took the pledge that very nicht,  
An' kep' it a' his life,  
An' Maggie kep' the hoose fu' bricht,  
Ay, proved a weel daein' wife.

## M A R Y.

WHIT mak's ye sad an' blate, Mary?  
Haud up yer heid an' smile;  
I couldna help bein' late, Mary,  
I've walked a guid wheen mile.  
I cam' across yon silent moor  
Whaur snaw lies ankle deep,  
An' a' tae see my bonnie flooer—  
My promise I'll aye keep.

Ye ken I lo'e ye weel, Mary,  
Nane will be mine but ye;  
I'm but a workin' chiel, Mary,  
An' thy love's wealth tae me.  
Yer hiney mou' an' lauchin' een  
Denote yer he'rt is pure;  
For you, my bonnie winsome queen,  
Whit wad I no endure.

---

## L O N G   A G O .

I was happy, young, and gay,  
Long ago, long ago;  
Void of sorrow was my lay,  
Long ago;

But my sunshine turned to rain,  
All my joy gave birth to pain,  
Ah ! I'll never smile again,  
Ne'er again, no, no, no.

Oh ! I never will forget,  
Long ago, long ago,  
Two eyes of sparkling jet,  
Long ago,  
Gazed so fondly in my own,  
And a voice in joyous tone  
Whispered love to me alone—  
It was so, it was so.

But death came with its cov'ring,  
Long ago, long ago,  
O'er a little cottage hov'ring,  
Long ago,  
And took my lady fair  
To the cold and silent lair,  
And my loving heart went there,  
Long ago, long ago.

Oh ! what to me is pleasure ?  
Naught but woe, naught but woe ;  
Since I have lost my treasure,  
Long ago,  
Everything to me seems drear—  
Not a joy is left me here ;  
But I hope to meet my dear  
In yon land, void of woe.

## SONG—A WEE DRAP ON THE SLY.

TUNE—"Nae luck about the hoose."

I NE'ER wis yin that e'er took drink,  
Nor ever means tae be;  
Na, na, I lo'e my hame owre weel—  
A sober life for me.  
I've aye been staunch an' honest, an'  
Ilk yin I can defy  
Tae staun' an' prove that e'er I tak'  
A wee drap on the sly.

*Chorus*—A wee drap on the sly, O fie—  
A wee drap on the sly;  
Tae prove tae me that e'er I tak'  
A wee drap on the sly.

There's Luckie Watson, "Soda face,"  
Wha leeves doon in the lane,  
She trys tae gar a' folk believe  
Frae drink she dis abstain.  
Nae doot a wheen believe her, yet  
They little ken that I  
Saw her nae later than yestreen  
At a wee drap on the sly.



*Chorus*—A wee drap on the sly, sae shy—  
A wee drap on the sly;  
'Twisna' the first time she had taen  
A wee drap on the sly.

Last Friday nicht, 'boot ten o'clock,  
I'm washing doon the stair,  
When wha gaed past me wi' a swag  
But sonsie Kate Cheetfair.  
Her foot it slip't, an' doon she fell  
Wi' an "Oh, me! oh, dear, my!"  
An' warst o' a', the bottle broke,  
Wi' a wee drap on the sly.

*Chorus*—A wee drap on the sly, oh, my—  
A wee drap on the sly;  
O wha'd hae thocht that she could tak'  
A wee drap on the sly?

I ne'er wis yin wha rin doon folk—  
Na, I'm no yin o' those,  
Yet mony a time I've wonner't whaur  
Meg Saps got yon red nose.  
I'm shair she wisna' born wi' it,  
On that I can rely,  
Yet mony a mark aft tells about  
A wee drap on the sly.

*Chorus*—A wee drap on the sly, 'deed ay—  
A wee drap on the sly;  
There's mony a happy hame destroyed  
Thro' a wee drap on the sly.

## NAME THE DAY, MY BONNY MARY.

“ O NAME the day, my bonny Mary,  
The day that you will be my wife;  
O would I were a humble ploughman  
I'd lead a more contented life.  
I care not for yon mansion splendid,  
I'd rather have a thatchêd cot  
With one gem to complete its beauty—  
O you're the gem I long have sought.”

“ O think weel, Willie, ere ye tak' me;  
Think weel on whit yer folk 'll say,  
For you are rich, I'm but a mill girl,  
Na, na, the match 'll never dae.  
I've lo'ed ye lang an' weel, dear Willie,  
Ay, truly you hae got my he'rt;  
But O wealth is the gulf between us—  
The gulf that's lang kep' us apart.”

“ I care not for my rich relations,  
Nor for the wealth in store for me;  
I'm stout and strong, and willing, Mary,  
To bear the consequence for thee.

And should they think it fit, dear Mary,  
To change the will which favours me,  
Then I'll submit to it full manly,  
For what's to be, you know, will be."

"O there's my haun', my honest lover,  
I'll place my love an' trust in you,  
For weel I ken yer een are giein'  
A smilin' promise you'll be true.  
I'll dae my best tae mak' ye happy—  
My efforts shall be spent on ye;  
An' O I hope ye'll dae the same, love,  
An' peaceful oor sweet lives will be."

## CHANGE YER TUNE.

Jist stap yer fingers in yer mooth  
 An' sook them for awee,  
 Syne ope' yer een an' read this screed,  
 For ilk word's wrote by me.  
 I'm yin o' thae big sturdy "wives"  
 Wha knock a' body doon;  
 My voice is jist like saxty fifes  
 Whene'er it's richt in tune.

Noo there's my man, as big a dolt  
 As ever smok't a pipe;  
 The only thing he's clever at  
 Is eatin' "spuds" an' tripe.  
 Rise up, an' gang an' wash yer face;  
 'Od sake, he's sleepin' soun'—  
 Bang! bang! tak' that, ye black disgrace;  
 Ha, ha, he's changed his tune.

Noo I'm a wife that minds mysel',  
 I aye keep my door closed;  
 I ne'er list tae vain neebor's tales  
 Whilk are by them composed.

A lazy jaud leeves doon oor stair,  
Her name is Mistress Broon—  
She says o' drink I tak' my share,  
But I'll sune change her tune.

The lasses now-a-days dress odd  
(No like us lang ago),  
They're mair like walkin' sticks (ahem)—  
Nocht but a perfect show.  
Ilk' nicht they gang oot wi' their lads  
An' saunter through the toon,  
But whan they're wed the useless jauds  
Are sune gar't change their tune.

Seek high, seek low, seek ony place  
'Mang folk o' a' degrees,  
An' you'll be shair tae meet wi' some  
Wha are gey hard tae please.  
They'll no hae this, they'll no tak' that,  
They'll grumble, girn, an' froon;  
My certie, I wad stop their chat,  
Ay, gar them change their tune.

## JESUS LOVES ALL.

Jesus loves both rich and poor—  
Longs to fold us in His arms  
In that land where all is pure,  
Where there are so many charms.

Not like our weak charms on earth,  
Lasting only their brief day;  
Charms more mighty, full of mirth,  
Made to live, not to decay.

O that men would courage take,  
Shun the snares that round them lie,  
What a happy world 'twould make,  
All prepared when death came nigh.

Men have fallen 'neath the power  
Of the evil spirit Drink,  
And they've cried in their last hour,  
"God forgive me ere I sink."

Wait not, friend, till your last hour,  
But prepare yourself just now  
To obtain in glory's bower  
God's bright wreath to deck your brow.

## GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, my love, good-bye,  
Again we ne'er may meet;  
Remember, love, where'er I be  
My heart will fondly beat  
For thee, my pretty gem—  
My thought by night and day;  
Adieu, dear maid, my love wont fade  
Tho' I be far away.

Good-bye, my love, good-bye;  
This lock of hair I'll keep,  
'Twill be a treasure dear to me  
When I am on the deep.  
When gentle zephyrs blow  
And speed me back to thee,  
Their whisp'ring thy voice will bring  
In accents back to me.

## BERNARD M'SHANE.

BERNARD M'SHANE was an Irishman bold  
As any who went to the diggings for gold;  
His shoulders were broad and his height was six "fut,"  
A good natured soul, and the emperor of "wut."  
He left all he loved—shure, 'twas him had the pluck  
To go to Australia to try his good luck—  
He landed all right with a pick and a spade,  
And got a good welcome from Larry M'Quade:

Larry M'Quade was a man full of knowledge,  
But never had seen the inside of a college;  
His speeches were grand, and his intellect keen;  
For twirling the twig the best ever I've seen.  
Young Bernard and Larry one day did agree  
To work in the one claim, in comp'ny to be;  
They worked hard and sore but with little success—  
Each day seemed to find them in sadder distress.

But one autumn morn they were digging away,  
When lo, "What can this be?" young Bernard did say;  
"'Tis a nugget, a nugget! bold Larry," he cried—  
Ye'd thought that with joy the poor souls would have died.  
They on with their coats and they shouldered their spades,  
And back once again to their hut, merry blades;  
And early next morn, with a strong eastern wind,  
They left the broad shores of Australia behind.



One day the dark clouds overshadowed the sky,  
And wild waves were rising, I'm shure, mountains high—  
The captain gave orders that all hands on board  
For sake of their lives to get all the boats lowered.  
You should have seen Bernard, the charge that he made  
To get an ould bag owned by Larry M'Quade,  
For safe in its bottom, in paper ten fold,  
Was both of their fortunes, the nugget of gold.

Young Bernard jump'd into a small boat all right,  
With the bag 'neath his oxt<sup>er</sup> which he held so tight,  
For Larry, poor Larry, he couldn't be found—  
A big wave engulphed him, and shure he was drowned.  
Two long nights had passed since the day of the wreck;  
A ship, homeward bound, took poor Bernard on deck,  
They rub'd him with brandy and put him in bed;  
With hunger the poor soul was nearly half dead.

When Bernard reached home it was Saint Patrick's night—  
The fun and divershun was jist in its height;  
His ould mother nearly went crazy with joy—  
“Och, ‘cead Milla Faltha,’ my own darlint boy.”  
The nugget was sold, and a big farm was bought;  
Young Bernard got married—for childer—a lot;  
For years and years after, in dear ould Coleraine,  
None lived there more happy than Bernard M'Shane.

## CHARLIE NICOL, O!

I've found a freen in you,  
Charlie Nicol, O!  
You've been sincere an' true,  
Charlie Nicol, O!  
Whan I wis sad at he'rt  
You dune your best tae pairt  
Grim sorrow frae my airt,  
Charlie Nicol, O!  
Harsh words cause muckle pain,  
Charlie Nicol, O!  
Your kind words aye were gain,  
Charlie Nicol, O!  
Your hamely crack at e'en  
Cheered mony a lanesome freen—  
Wi' you nane can compleen,  
Charlie Nicol, O!  
May happiness through life,  
Charlie Nicol, O!  
Attend you an' your wife,  
Charlie Nicol, O!  
May your sweet hamely lays  
Aye receive the public's praise  
Your auld freen, Tammy, prays,  
Charlie Nicol, O!

## WHAN I WIS A LASS O' SAXTEEN.

WHAN I wis a lass o' saxteen  
 O' wooers I nearly had twenty,  
 Wha praised up my bonnie blue een,  
 An' gied me o' braw presents plenty.  
 I aye cuist my heid unco high,  
 Pretendin' I ne'er cared for ony,  
 But, hark ye, I winna deny  
 That I wis in love wi' young Johnnie.

Hech, ho! but I feel unco wae,  
 Bow, wow! but I'm sad an' weary;  
 But certie I micht see the day  
 That some lad 'll ca' me his deary.

Young Johnnie wis manly an' braw,  
 His broo wis ne'er clouded wi' anger;  
 Ilk nicht he wad aye gang awa'  
 At ten o'clock—wadna bide langer;  
 While Pate o' the mill, an' big Rab,  
 Wad sit still an' chat till eleven,  
 Trying hard tae please me wi' their gab,  
 But, 'od, they dune nocht else but deaven.

My faither advised me tae tak'  
— Tam Miller wha leaved 'yont the clachan ;  
Na, na, I jist answered him back,  
I dinna want folk tae be lauchin'.  
Tae think a braw lassie like me  
Wad wed a chiel walkin' wi' critches ;  
I tell't Tam it never wad be—  
I'd ne'er gie mysel' for his riches.

Young Johnnie wis likit by a',  
A fav'rite he wis wi' my mither ;  
She said he wis decent an' braw,  
An' wish't me tae mairry nae ither.  
An' certie I likit the chiel,  
But feint o' the offer he gied me ;  
He mairrit rich Flora M'Neil,  
Sayin'—" For his next wife he might need me."

I'm noo in my fifty-third year,  
An' kenna the pleasures o' marriage ;  
I micht hae been rowin' in gear,  
An' jauntin' aboot in my carriage.  
But whaur there is life there's a hope—  
Hope's aye a thing we lassies rest on ;  
I'd blush for a month an' no stop  
If some lad wis poppin' the question.

O whaur is noo the bloom o' health!  
The firm step, the rowth o' wealth!  
The steady haun', the active brain—  
Too frail, alas, tae rise again!

MARY CREE.



I'm sweet forty-seven, I've never been kissed;  
Wi' pleasures o' marriage I've never been blessed;  
I've ne'er had an offer a sweet bride tae be;  
'Od, men werna made for sic cratur's as me.

My auld sister Margaret stood five-fit-ten,  
An' certie she had a guid pick o' the men;  
— She wis deeply poek-mark't, an' had a blin' e'e—  
For looks she could ne'er haud the caunle tae me.  
— She mairrit Rab Gordon, a wise-like big chap,  
Tho', grievous tae say, he got fond o' the drap;  
He drank nicht an' day, man, he had sic a crave,  
It put wife an' weans an' himsel' in the grave.

I'm no' very auld—I could be a bride yet—  
Tae some bonnie chiel I wad mak' a nice pet;  
I've got as much siller as will dae us twa—  
He can sit at his leisure an' wark nane ava;  
Sae there is a chance tae some braw chappie here,  
But mind ye, I dinna want ane that tak's beer;  
He maun like wee bairnies, be fond o' his hame,  
That's the sort o' a chiel that will suit this auld dame.

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### KEEP TURNIN' THE WHEEL.

If ye want tae get on in this big warl' o' oors,  
Ye maun tred 'mang the nettles as weel as the flooers;  
Be sober an' honest—nae secrets reveal;  
Hae patience—ye'll prosper by turnin' the wheel.

I've mind my auld granny aft tell't me whan young  
 Tae mind whit I'd say, aye tae guard weel my tongue;  
 I thocht on her words as she filled up her reel—  
 She lived an' wis honest through turnin' the wheel.

There's naethin' like aye keepin' on the alert—  
 We kenna hoo sune a chance might come oor airt;  
 Tae better oorselves, ay, an' help us tae spee<sup>l</sup>  
 The steep hill o' life—ca' awa' at the wheel.

Whan you've a few poun's in yer pouch ye can say,  
 Come weel, or come woe, I can manage my way;  
 'Tis wealth's muckle pooer that can build a heich biel',  
 Sae if ye'd obtain it, keep turnin' the wheel.

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### IF I WIS YOUNG AGAIN.

If I wis young again I'd lead  
 A better sort o' life  
 Frae whit I've dune thir twa three year,  
 Whilk's caused sae muckle strife.  
 The lass that I wad marry, fegs,  
 I'd tell her plump an' plain  
 Tae keep her tongue within her teeth,  
 If I wis young again.

If I wis young again I'd watch  
 The drink that I wad tak';  
 It wadna be the stuff that's aft  
 Laid me upon my back.



The pure cauld water it wad be,  
My nearest freen in gain;  
Nae mair sair heids on Sunday morn's,  
If I wis young again.

If I wis young again, an' my  
Auld mither wi' me here,  
Nae mair she'd need tae fret or sigh  
Nor o' me hae a fear;  
I'd struggle hard an' a'most work  
My fingers tae the bane;  
Nae mair she'd need tae "slop the laird"  
If I wis young again.

But ah, sweet youth will ne'er return,  
Wealth's pooer can't bring it back;  
In life's chance box I drew a white,  
But it's turned oot a black.  
In fac', I've jist mysel' tae blame  
For a' my grief, an' pain;  
I noo maun bear my cross, for oh!  
I'll ne'er be young again.

## BE UP AND DOING.

BE up and be doing, don't sit down and cry,  
There's gold for the earning, so try again, try;  
You may get a share if you but persevere,  
So keep up your spirits—drive care to the rear.

Many creatures there are toil hard night and day,  
Who earn lots of money, but grievous to say,  
'Tis squander'd on drink, which can do them no good—  
They'll scarce clothe their limbs, nor provide themselves  
food.

If a little you earn, put part of it by,  
In sad hours of sickness its strength then you try;  
'Tis no use of saying that money is trash,  
The pass-word on earth is the simple word "Cash."

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## WEE JOHNNIE.

OOR Johnnie's jist as nice a wean  
As e'er sat on a mither's knee,  
'Tis no because he is my ain  
That gars me praise him up tae ye.  
He's yin o' thae wee sturdy chieils  
Wha rin about, be't wat or dry,  
For danger feint a fear he feels;  
Na, na, the wee loon's far owre "fly."

It's mammy this, an' mammy that,  
    "O loot at me fat I tan dae"—  
He's got sae much auld farrant chat,  
    In fac', wi' him I ne'er feel wae.  
He's aye tormentin' Tib, the cat—  
    Aft staps his fingers in its een,  
Syne rows it in his braw clean "brat;"  
    O sick a wean is seldom seen.

He dauners up an' doon the stair,  
    An' raps, e'en kicks at ilka door;  
Hoots, whit dis oor wee Johnnie care  
    Tho' nighboors rant, an' rave, an' roar.  
He shouts "Bow-wow" tae ilka dug,  
    An' "Tuck, tuck, tuck," tae a' the hens,  
An' aft he whispers in my lug,  
    But whit he says, 'deed nae yin kens.

I hope that I'll be spared tae see  
    Oor Johnnie yet a prosp'rous man,  
An' wed a lass o' guid degree,  
    Wha'll stick tae truth, the wisest plan.  
As lang as there is breath in me  
    I'll dae my best tae teach the bairn  
A' that is in my pooer tae gie,  
    An' O I hope that he will learn.

## 'TIS SWEET.

'Tis sweet, a trusty friend  
Who'll help you when in need,  
But ah! such friends are few,  
Yea, very scarce indeed.

'Tis sweet, a little home,  
Where truth and love are in ;  
Such homes are truly blest  
When void of cruel sin.



'Tis sweet, a loving wife  
Who'll cheer you up when pain  
Doth pierce the tender part  
Where naught but joy should reign.

How very sweet, indeed,  
When life comes to an end,  
To go to yon fair land  
Where dwells man's truest friend.



